The Seed Sower.

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The Revealing Darkness.

I STOOD within a brightly lighted room,
And gazed on blackest darkness out of doors.—
As o'er a cryptic manuscript one pores
To find the hidden meaning, so the gloom
I strove, and strove again to pierce—to see
If any hidden beauties lay behind.
But vain the quest, and nothing could I find;
Only a gulf of blackness yawned on me.
—Sudden, my light went out—and lo, a blaze
Of wondrous beauty met my enchanted eye!
The moon's soft radiance filled the summer sky,
And trees and flowers shone bright beneath my gaze.
A sense of rapture o'er my spirit stole;—
And so doth death hide life, I softly said,
And earth hide heaven—and those we call our dead
Live still where beauty dwells. Take comfort, soul!

M. C. G.

WHEN birds were songless on the bough,
I heard thee sing.
The world was full of winter, thou
Wert full of spring.

To-day the world's heart feels anew
The vernal thrill,
And thine, beneath the rueful yew,
Is wintry chill.

The Old Orthodoxy and the New.

BY THE REV. S. M. CROTHERS, D.D.

Having therefore such a hope, we use great boldness of speech, and are not as Moses, who put a veil upon his face, that the children of Israel should not look steadfastly on the end of that which was passing away.—2 Corinthians, iii., 12.

A great deal of learning has been expended on what are called the "Evidences of Christianity," and many ingenious arguments have been put forth to prove the reality of religion. But it is a case wherein elaborate argument is apt to defeat itself. For religion does not address itself primarily to scholars, or claim the loyalty of those only who are able to follow intricate processes of reasoning. It speaks to the child, to the labourer, to the busy citizen, and we naturally expect from it the plain, bold utterance which all can understand. It professes to be the light of the world. Now light does not need something else to reveal it or to defend it. Its sufficient evidence is to shine.

It is a true instinct which makes us feel that if any form of religion is not its own evidence, it is because there is, to say the least, an opaque spot in it. When we are compelled to light a candle to exhibit an object, we imply that that object is not itself very luminous.

I wish to speak, this morning, of two ways by which the self-evidencing power of religion has been obscured; and by which the defenders of an inherited faith have made a simple and natural faith more difficult.

The first confusion of thought came from the attempt to trace everything to one historic source, and, ignoring the present, to treat religion as if it were the product of one favoured period of the past. This was the fault of the older type of Protestant orthodoxy. One might read many elaborate books on the Evidences of Christianity without being made to see that Christianity may have something to say for itself as a fact of to-day. Its proofs were supposed to be altogether documentary. The argument had to do with what has been, not with what is. Once, it was said, God manifested himself to a holy people; miracles were wrought, words of wisdom were spoken, a work of redemption was accomplished. These wonderful things were done in the presence of competent witnesses, who wrote all that they had seen and heard in a book. To believe these witnesses is to have religious faith; to doubt them is to be without God and without hope in the world.

Now the trouble with all this is that even if we are able to accept the testimony, it does not give us what we really most want to know. These historical "proofs" prove too little; they stop short of what to us must be the supreme interest. It is not the origin of religion that we are most anxious to know about, but its present scope and power. To prove that once there was a pure fountain in the far-off hills is of little value, if the stream flowing from it has long since become polluted, or if it may, for aught we know, have been lost in the desert sands. Our needs are urgent, and religion to satisfy us must be something more than a glorious reminiscence. That which happened once, but which cannot happen again, cannot comfort us. The record of the infraction of a natural law is something that falls short of the demonstration of a spiritual law. An arbitrary line is drawn between two periods of time. At one time we are told that God manifested his love through supernatural acts; there is nothing that is too wonderful to be believed. But we must not only believe that the age of miracles has been, but we must also believe that it has passed away. We must be incredulous about modern miracles, however well attested they may be. All this is very confusing. One thus hampered in his thought cannot speak boldly and consistently either of his faith or of his doubts. He is afraid that if he allows his mind to work freely, he may believe too little or too much.

The very definiteness of an ancient revelation becomes a cause of confusion when the attempt is made to apply it to new circumstances. What if long ago specific answers were given to the questions men then asked? These questions answered, new questions arise. The old answers do not fit them, and all manner of perplexities come. How the Puritan conscience was tortured in the attempt to conform to the Old Testament law! All of it, it was seen, could not apply to the conduct of those who lived under what was called "the new dispensation," but the difficulty was to distinguish between what was temporary and what was universal. The authority of the law was greatly weakened when it was left to each man to determine what part he should accept as of binding force and what he should reject as obsolete.

What I have said applies to that type of orthodox Christianity which rested avowedly on the belief that the revelation of God had been given exclusively in the past, and that to it nothing is to be added. But to-day this is giving way to what is called the "new orthodoxy," which is something altogether different, and which appeals not to the past but to the present, or rather to those elements which are eternal. The new orthodoxy is not interested in documentary evidence, but appeals to the experience of living men. God is to it not a far-off power, who in the past interfered with the order of nature, but he manifests his power in nature and in the human soul continually. This faith finds its illustrations in science and its strongest confirmation in the lives which good men everywhere are living. It is so noble, so inspiring, that one hails it as the harbinger of a new day. And yet I confess that when I listen to the representatives of this type of religion, I am disappointed at the outcome of their thought. It seems to me that they stop

short of a perfectly free and luminous religion. With great boldness of speech they appeal from tradition to reason, but they do not stop with perfect docility to listen to all that reason has to say. In their eagerness, they snatch the words out of her mouth and force them into harmony with their preconceived opinions. The old arbitrariness which has been the bane of theological reasoning reappears, though often in such charming form that we do not recognize it as the sheer dogmatism that it is. Just as one begins to catch glimpses of a broad and natural religion, a religion so simple as to be its own evidence, he finds himself involved in a cloud of rhetoric. The words are beautiful and eloquent, but they are no longer transparent. When one emerges from the cloud he finds that certain conclusions have been reached, which are mystical and beautiful, but how they have been reached he cannot tell. He has a suspicion that the conclusions do not follow inevitably from the premises.

I was reading, the other day, an editorial in a religious newspaper whose orthodoxy is of the most liberal type. It alluded to the change of method in religious thinking, but asserted that the great doctrines of evangelical religion are still held as firmly as ever. The argument from tradition is not the one now relied upon, but the appeal is made directly to the Christian consciousness. "We know by our own experience," it said, "that Jesus Christ died for our sins and rose again for our justification." This is a very characteristic statement. The Apologists of the School of Paley appealed exclusively to historic proofs. They believed that Jesus rose from the dead because witnesses, whose testimony had been recorded, declared that they had seen him. Starting from what they accepted as a well-proved historical fact, they reasoned forward, trying to justify present Christianity by the appeal to its miraculous origin. Christ, they said, wrought miracles and rose from the dead, therefore Christianity is true, and good men ought to accept it. The modern Apologist attempts a more daring feat. He does not reason from Christ to Christianity, but from Christianity to Christ. His argument is not from what once happened to what is now believed, but from what is now believed he tries to deduce what once happened. The Christian to-day cherishes in his heart the love of a risen Saviour; it is to him a source of strength and an inspiration to holy living; therefore it is argued from such spiritual experience that Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified under Pontius Pilate, rose from the dead on the third day. One does not have to be coldly critical in order to find a flaw in such an argument; indeed, the difficulty is to find any logical connection between the two statements. One relates to the spiritual condition of people in the nineteenth century, the other to an event that is said to have taken place in the time of the Cæsars. The man who argues from a general feeling to a specific fact of another order is not reasoning, but is engaged in myth-making. The myth arises from the attempt to make concrete what was abstract, to reduce a general truth to a definite and personal form. What many people feel is told as if it were an event which happened to one. This picturesque and symbolic form of truth-telling is natural and effective, but it is perilous to the understanding to confuse the thought and the symbol through which it is expressed. Our experience of the power of the sun to heal and to hurt is as real as that of the early Greek worshipper, but this does not prove that all that was told of the far-darting Apollo were matters of fact. The matters of fact must be proved in a matter-of-fact way.

The fact that a story appeals to us as intrinsically beautiful, and suggests what has happened to ourselves, answering to our deepest experience, does not prove that at some definite time it happened to a person whose name is given. The truth of the story which we recognize may be of a different kind. It may be true as a parable and a symbol.

I read how once some fishermen in a little boat were tossing at night upon a stormy sea. They looked out and saw one whom they loved, in radiant mystery, walking upon the waves, and they heard a familiar voice saying, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Blessed fishermen to whom such a helper came! And blessed waves stilled by that sweet voice! But when did all this happen, and to whom? It appeals to all of us, because it is a symbol

of an experience as universal as human need and as the help that comes in the hour of need. But this response of ours to the spiritual meaning of the story does not prove that it is the narrative of an actual miracle, happening to the man Peter and his companions. The truth which we recognize is a truth that is larger than that.

In an eloquent book, recently published, called "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," the writer begins by taking the broadest possible ground. He says, "Tradition is powerless. Dry systems of dogma cannot quicken the soul. . . . Our age has its own character, its own perils, its own needs, its own hopes and aspirations. The only gospel which it is worth while to preach must stand in vital relation and speak with vital power to the present age."

Our expectation is stimulated by such an introduction. If this is an age of doubt and the gospel to be preached must stand in vital relation to it, it would seem that the gospel must consist of some truth so universal and so self-evidencing as to be proof against our scepticism. But as I read on, I find that the chief article in the creed presented to the modern man is the unique personality of Jesus Christ. Jesus is presented not as an illustration of humanity at its highest, but as something higher infinitely than humanity, and his life is declared to be altogether out of the order of human development. In every other case, we are told the great man is surrounded by kindred spirits, and his appearance is connected with some general upward movement; but not so with Jesus. "It is as if the heavens were swept bare of stars; and suddenly, unexpected, unaccompanied, the light of lights appears alone in supreme isolation." His excellence is said to be of a kind impossible to man. "Moral perfection of this kind is not only without a parrallel, it is also without an approach. Men have never attained to it, and there is no way for them to climb thither."

Is this the gospel for an age of doubt, this assertion of an excellence that is unapproachable? I think that it rather plunges the doubter into new disputations. The thesis that is put forth is not simply that a perfect life has been lived, but that it has been lived only once. In order that the life of Jesus may seem to be a miracle, man's natural capacity for such goodness as is described in the New Testament is denied. The heavens must be "swept of stars," that the one light may appear in supreme isolation. This supreme isolation of the character of Jesus does not seem to me to be a natural inference from the facts of history, nor is it really demanded by the Christian consciousness. It is the legacy of the old orthodoxy to the new, and is a source only of confusion. It belongs to another circle of ideas. When men thought of a king as separated in some mysterious way from his subjects; when they thought of God as performing his greatest works in a magical rather than in an orderly way; when the natural man was believed to be totally depraved and incapable of good,—it was natural to magnify Jesus at the expense of humanity.

But when we start from the ideas of the evolution of the spiritual life, the dignity of human nature, the indwelling of the divine power in the soul, we do not come to any such conclusion. We see no isolated excellence, but the higher grows out of the lower; and the highest of all is an illustration of the possibilities of the lowest.

The tendency to obscurantism arises from the attempt to force antagonistic ideas into verbal conformity. When one tries to say and unsay with the same breath, the result is confusion. It is a confusion which belongs to every age of transition, and people work out of it slowly. Paul was conscious of it in his day. A new spiritual impulse had come into the world, but its real meaning was only partially realized. The old and the new were mingled in men's minds, and outgrown ideas obscured the new faith. The old had been glorious in its time, but it was now passing away. Many persons were looking as through a veil, for they could "not look steadfastly on the end of that which was passing away." This veil was over their face as they read the old scriptures. Then Paul says bravely: Let us linger no longer with vain regrets over the glory that is passing away. Let us have done with wilful ambiguity. Let us face the results of our own thinking. Let us not any longer with veiled vision and shadowed hints

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hide from ourselves the change which has taken place. Let us face forward, turning toward our new inspirations. Thus turning, we shall have liberty and great boldness of speech.

Some such word one would like to speak today. The change from a religion based on the idea of a special revelation to a religion based upon faith in a universal revelation, which comes slowly through the spiritual education of the race, is a great one. The transition is not yet fully accomplished, but we may see the direction in which the religious world is moving. It is something more than a new form of orthodoxy which is demanded. A free religion allows no standard of orthodoxy to hamper it in its untrammelled search for truth. Nothing short of perfect intellectual and spiritual liberty will satisfy. Not only must the mind be allowed to go freely to the facts of human eperience, but it must treat these facts not as an advocate, but as an impartial judge. But those who believe that man is essentially a religious being, and that God is in the world, not as an accident, but as the ever present power moving all, will not fear the result. They find a hunger for righteousness, a love of perfection, an ideal of divine humanity. As light to the eye, so is goodness to the soul. There is a moral law that affirms itself. There is a spiritual life that justifies itself. By these elements the religion of freedom is being nourished. Recognizing them, a great hope comes, and we speak with new courage as we turn from the glory that fades to the greater glory that dawns.

To be truly happy is a question of how we begin, and not of how we end; of what we want, and not of what we have.—*Stevenson.*

All extraordinary gifts are valueless without love, and love can exist in the absence of all extraordinary gifts.—*H. Hensley Henson.*

Joy is a working thing. It builds up while it enlarges the whole nature. It is the wine to strengthen the heart, to brace it to carry noble enterprise!—*Dora Greenwell.*

Humorous Epigrams.

The following epigrams are Tom Moore's. The first was dashed off when a lady from whom he had stolen a lock of hair ordered him to make restitution:—

On one sole condition, love, I might be led
With this beautiful ringlet to part;
I would gladly relinquish the lock of your head,
Could I gain but the key to your heart.

The second went to his hostess as a note of explanation when, for lack of a pair of dress-breeches, he was forced to absent himself from a pleasant evening party:—

Betwixt Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a paradise each has been forced to resign,
That he never wore breeches till turned out of his,
While for want of my breeches I'm turned out of mine.

Here is an epigram with a warning in it:—

He that his reason trusts to wit,
Will often lose his way;
As he that would by lightning walk,
Not by the beams of day.

And this is not without a certain grim truth:—

"God help me!" cried the poor man,
And the rich man said "Amen!"
The poor man died at the rich man's door—
God helped the poor man then.

When a certain lady had praised a prominent clergyman's eyes, her jealous lover wrote:—

I can not praise the Doctor's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine;
For when he prays he shuts his eyes,
And when he preaches I shut mine.

Yankee anti-royalist tendencies are responsible for the following stanza:—

At a rubber of whist, an Englishman grave
Said he couldn't distinguish a king from a knave,
His eyes were so dim and benighted;

A Yankee observed that he needn't complain,
For the thing had been often attempted in vain
By eyes that were very clear-sighted.

A vintner to whom Ben Jonson was in debt told the poet to come to his house and answer him four questions, in lieu of paying or going to prison. The questions were:—What best pleases God? What best pleases the devil? What best pleases the world? and What best pleases me?

Jonson immediately replied:—

God is best pleased when men forsake their sin,
The devil's best pleased when men persist therein,
The world's best pleased when thou dost sell good wine,
And thou'rt best pleased when I do pay for mine.

The Retort Courteous is clearly exemplified in this versified conjugal dialogue:—

As I and my wife, at the window one day,
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came by, with a broth of a boy
Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,
"There's a relation of yours in that carriage."
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,
"Ah, yes; a relation by marriage."

Malapropism has become almost a fad among our present-day humorists, one of whom speaks amusingly of our rapid "Anglicization" of foreign words. A case in point is:—

Miss Blank, it is known, is accustomed to say
Many very queer things in a very queer way:
But of all her mistakes, the absurdest and oddest
Occurred when she called a French *modiste* a "modest."

One who had been at law and had learned a dear lesson thus expressed himself:—

The law, they say, great Nature's chain connects,
That causes ever must produce effects:
In me behold reversed great Nature's laws—
All my effects lost by a single cause!

A clever French conceit has been thus translated:—

Our God requireth a whole heart, or none,
And yet He will accept a broken one.

While pessimism is tersely expounded in this final fling.

Our life is but a winter's day;
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed;
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;
Who woes the soonest has the least to pay.

Example.

It is said of a great painter that he made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that when he did so his own pencil took a hint from it. So easily does example impress itself on others. We can do nothing, and yet to look at us may be an education in either evil or good. Our eyes are even quicker than our ears, and what we see in a man affects more than his words: facts operate more surely than sentences. Paul calls his converts his "living epistles," better known and more easily deciphered than those epistles written on parchment. So the doctrine of Jesus is not a string of maxims, nor a book, nor a collection of writings. It would seem as if purposely Jesus wrote only in the sand. He left not one written word for men afterwards to worship. He left behind no temptation to the idolatry of the letter. He wrote his doctrines in the book of human life. He made *men* his scriptures. The doctrine of Christ?—lo Peter! the impulsive man, strong one moment, weak another, become now a man of rock-like character, and steady hope, confessor and martyr:—he is the doctrine of Christ! The Son of Thunder become the Apostle of Love, he is the doctrine of Christ! Paul the persecutor transformed into the teacher who dies dearly for the great cause, he is the doctrine of Christ! Jesus taught by his own example and by the example of the men he produced. That was more than writing books. Words often fail, but the influence of example always tells. What men say and do is not half so effective as what they are.

"O Rest in the Lord."

WHAT simple, beautiful words are these with which the Gospel is full—grace, peace, bread of life, mercy, hope, charity, light, life, love, truth, trust, pure in heart. They are words that have the silver ring of poetry. But none of them come sweeter to the soul than the word *Rest*. No word written in the Bible has been more fondly cherished by human hearts than this. Physical rest indeed, is one of the great recurring needs of our nature, and it is strange to reflect how very much of the happiness of life is to be traced to it. When the physical energies have been tasked to the uttermost, there is, as we know, a strange pleasure attached to the mere cessation from toil. How sweet and soothing the sensation of rest that steals over the bodily frame when the strained muscles are relaxed, and the nerves are unstrung, and all the limbs, joints and fibres are bathed in repose. Who has not often felt the luxury of rest in the quiet evening hour that succeeded to a day of hard fatiguing work, when the very order of nature, her fading light, the gathering stillness, seemed to minister to the pleasure and instinct of repose? And then, how manifold the benefits conferred on man by God's gift of sleep! How strangely potent the cordial which it pours into the exhausted frame, and from which the worn powers nightly drink in new strength and elasticity. What a boon to many men is the mere bliss of unconsciousness, the periodic escape from self, and flight from toil and care and weariness when we cross the bridge that separates the wakeful working world from the shadowy world of dreams! Surely not unworthy of infinite Beneficence is that boon of which it is written, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

But these things are often all only parables and symbols of Rest. Bodily repose reaches not to the true centre of a man's peace. Nightly sleep is not so much rest as it is oblivion. What man needs is not cessation from thought but cessation from care. What man wants is not the rest which is found in retiring from labour, but the rest which is found in labour, equipoise and harmony—the rest which is the perfect play of all the faculties. The most perfect moment of rest for the sea is when its waters are at the full, and the great tide fills every nook and cranny of the bay. Rest is supremely that balance and music which man's nature makes when all his powers are at full in perfect co-operation with each other. Not rest from work, but rest in work. Rest in work and rest from care. For it is the care of life which wears and strains. And what is care? It is the experience of the man who is bent on being his own providence; who takes on himself the whole responsibility, not of the conduct of life only, but of the conditions and results which are absolutely beyond his powers of regulation, and which God keeps within His own control. There is *one* thing which we have to care for, that the day's work be the bravest and strongest our powers can compass, and free from any admixture of baseness in motive or aim: what comes of it is absolutely the care of God. To believe that is to rest in the Lord.

Rest from care has been the aim and desire of man through all his generations. How to free him from this burden of care has been the problem which sage and priest have set themselves to solve in all ages of the world. Man feels and knows that there is something humbling, degrading, and unworthy of his true manhood in the eager lust for mere *things* from which nearly all his cares come: still more in the wolfish fierceness with which men struggle with each other for *things;* as if a universe of things would satisfy the longings or still the achings of one little heart. And the problem of man's higher life has always been how to emancipate the soul from the care, burden, and thraldom of *things*. The Stoic of Ancient Greece said:—"The world fills me with an agitation, an eagerness, an anxiety, which, comparing it with the dignity of my nobler part, seems to me pitiable. I see no help for it unless I renounce the world and allow it no footing in my scheme of life. The only wise plan is to reduce my desires and interests to the narrowest dimensions. I must suffer nothing external to become of importance in my life." So reasoned the Stoic, and so reasoned the Yogi of the East, and the monks of the West, and the hermits of all climes, all seeking to solve the problem of worldly care, the care for *things*, in the same

way. "We must keep out the world," they said. "We must care absolutely nothing about its interests, pleasures, possessions. If we enter the crowd, if we cross the line we are lost."

You know how egregiously that way of finding rest failed. It turns out that man cannot rest in mere renunciations and denials. There is a question in the background which has its echo in every conscience: "How on this principle can the world's business be carried on?" And, "Who made the world and its business?" The "ermine-robed great world" which is the ultimate judge in all controversies, refuses to believe that man was created in a system of things with which his very heart-strings are inwoven just that he may break from it and escape its burden. There is deep down in man's heart the conviction that God has called him to live, not apart, but in the very thick and throng of the world, and there show the metal of his faith. Neither do men escape from care by seclusion from the world. They only substitute self-made cares of beggarly slightness and littleness—little in themselves and belittling to the soul—for the great noble cares of the world. In truth monks and nuns, Eastern Yogi, and Grecian Stoics made for themselves heavy cares and absorbing interests out of trifles scarce worthy to occupy a child. To escape from care that way is a coward's refuge after all. God's image was not stamped on man as the brand of a deserter. That Godlike face was not given him that he might turn it in flight from life. Wherever man's rest may lie it must be consistent with full share in all the perils, strain, temptation of life's battles; it must be in the world and not out of the world; it must be in the enlarging of his nature, it can never be in narrowing his outlook, joys, and interests.

To the manly spirit labour is rest. Spirits that are living and healthy feel ill at ease in inactivity. No work is so hard as doing nothing. The popular idea of heaven as a place of eternal psalm-singing and eternal thumb-twiddling is repulsive to all who know the joy of labour. Only in the putting forth of its energies, in the evolution of its inward powers, in the devotion of thought and feeling to some task it delights in, does the soul find itself at rest. That congenial activity is the truest rest a thousand examples declare. Amusement, to take an obvious instance, is often very hard work. Yet it rests and refreshes. The long walk, the toilsome climb, the hard pulling at the oar, the day in the cricket field, the athletic exercises of the gymnasium are toil indeed, severe toil, but they are rest also. So again the mental activity of the student seeks rest not in the cessation of thought but in change of subject. Rest in the service we love is the rest we need, and he who has learned to find in the service of God and man his heart's delight has entered into rest.

Nor is the rest the soul needs rest from sorrow. To rest in the Lord is not to have the burden taken from the back, nor to be saved the long journey on foot by being caught up in a chariot. A man may carry the burden of pain and yet be at rest. A man may trudge a hard toilsome way and still be at rest. A man may be afflicted and yet triumph. Is it not recorded of dying martyrs that in their sufferings they sang their Te Deums and their faces shone with a great happiness, as though they had been angel faces! A man may be of such a spirit, sustained by such a royalty of thought, or feeling, or faith, that his heart is at perfect rest in the midst of loneliness and griefs.

The secret of rest is not hard to find. It is the dominance of one master purpose or one master passion which brings everything else of life into subjection. We see it in many directions. The ascendancy of some cause, pursuit, ideal, affection—something to which a man gives his whole heart—this is the positive power of life—and brings a man into unity and tranquility, and hushes the clamour of all minor things. What cared Bernard Palissy for poverty and reproaches and the finger of scorn and privations, consumed as he was by the passion for new forms of beauty in his pots and pans? What cared David Livingstone for privation, hardship, fevers, wild beasts, loneliness, dangers on every hand, consumed as he was by the passion for the souls of men? Almost any master-passion, even for trivial things, such as collecting beetles, or first editions, or coins, or shells, or pictures, will deliver a man from a good deal

of that restlessness from which men with no hobbies and no object of devotion suffer.

But supremely, it is the passion for God which is the secret of rest. The man to whom God is a living God, to whom the thought of God is the reality of his life, to whom the Righteousness, Peace, the Light and Love of the Eternal are all in all, that man has entered into the secret place of Rest.

The first step towards the winning of rest is the giving up of self-will and the receiving of God's will as our own, and what that means is clear. It is to make our life at one with God's character, with justice and purity, with truth and love, with mercy and joy. It is the surrender of our own pleasures to God's purpose of good for the world. It is true the idea of God has for men different aspects. The thought of God comes to different minds in different ways. God must of necessity be many-sided and have many aspects, and one man is drawn by *this*, and another by *that*. For Priestley God is a God of truth, for St. Francis he is a God of compassion, for Mazzini he is Eternal Justice, for Fra Angelico he is the fountain of beauty; for one he is a Shepherd leading his flock, for another he is King of Kings and Lord of Lords, to one he is wisdom—the Light of Lights—to another he is Love whose height and depth no man can measure. But in one aspect or other it is the faith that he is, it is devotion to his will as we see it, it is the love of him become the master passion which alone brings rest to the soul. All repining, all fretfulness, all discordant notes pass away when God is in the Ascendant. Only let us be at one with him and our life will gather down upon it the strength of his serenity, the calmness of his rest. The simple thought—"God is mine and I am his."—contains within itself rest to an inexhaustible degree. Let the thought of God be in the Ascendant and all other things will fall into their place, orderly, obedient, harmonious. With the thought and faith and love of God in the Ascendant the great benediction of a quiet mind and a tranquil heart is ours. Then we know what it is to rest in the Lord.

J. W.

Notes and Jottings.

The New Theology is ripping along at the top gear. Mr. Campbell, as is well-known, is a keen motorist, and we may confidently leave the driving of his own car to him, and heartily wish him "Speed!"

* * * * *

At first it appeared as though he had stooped to the method of misrepresenting Unitarianism in order to commend his own position. In the *Daily Mail*—that infallible Scripture!—he was reported to have said: "This is where it differs from Unitarianism. Unitarianism made a great gulf and put man on one side and God on the other."

* * * * * *

This did not seem to me worthy of Mr. Campbell, with whom I have often spoken on these themes. I was not surprised therefore to see his courageous and prompt repudiation of this remark in the next issue of the same paper. It is curious and, in its way, significant that the newspapers have almost without exception noted the first remark, but ignored the subsequent explanation. This explanation, however, goes to the root of the matter, and should be noted by Unitarians and Liberal Trinitarians alike.

* * * * *

Here are the *ipsissima verba* of Mr. Campbell and not any journalist's report. "The sentence about Unitarianism is inaccurate, because unqualified. The ordinary Unitarian nowadays certainly does insist on the Divine immanence as much as we do, but that does not make the New Theology a victory for Unitarianism. My contention is that Unitarianism and Trinitarianism alike have tended too much in the past to separate between man and God. In the New Theology the old issue between Unitarian and Trinitarian simply ceases to exist; we do not need the names." (Letter to *Daily Mail*, Jan. 14th.)

* * * * *

This seems to me a perfectly frank and fair statement. It is what many of us who prefer to call ourselves Liberal Christians or Free Catholics have been saying for some time to our own churches. The name Unitarian will, sooner or later, have to be dropped, but so

also will the name Trinitarian. As Mr. Campbell rightly says, "We have no need of the names."

* * * * *

I venture to offer a word of advice to those Unitarians (if there are any) who unsympathetically criticise the New Theology. That word is *Don't!* This Theology is one of many symptoms of a distinctly modern spirit, and a specific tendency of thought. We ought not, we cannot justly claim it as a victory for Unitarianism. We can say that Unitarianism by its distinguished traditions of comprehension and freedom has always maintained an open door, and has been the first to welcome this modern spirit. But if we value the progress of Religious Liberty and Truth we shall to-day cry not "Victory" but "Thank God!" Other men in other churches than ours are working on similar lines. If they repudiate us, the more foolish and sectarian they; but we ought not, and I venture to say our best representatives will not, repudiate them.

* * * * *

If they prefer to go on their own lines as a more or less compact body within the so-called Evangelical Churches, and *can do so with out any immoral violation of doctrinal trust deeds*—that is their business. There are diversities of operations and methods, but the same spirit. If in the lust for a denominational triumph we try to brand these New Theologians as Unitarians, and to drag them over to us, we shall make a disastrous mistake which we may live to regret. On the other hand, if these New Theologians think they can curry favour with the public by misrepresenting Unitarianism, they will lay up a tragedy for themselves, and find the thing they advocate ground to powder between the upper and the nether millstone.

* * * * *

It is a matter for calm and serious discussion whether the time has come for co-operation between the New Theology men and ourselves. But the movement towards unity must not be forced or violently precipitated. A little common-sense on our part ought to enable us to appreciate the actual situation. Our friends of the New Theology have enough on their hands for awhile; and a hasty alliance with Unitarians might prove highly inexpedient and embarrassing. Give them time; don't claim them before they desire to be claimed, and in the name of the cause we both represent, let us show the grace of chivalry and the virtue of magnanimity.

* * * * *

On the other hand, the New Theology men having now put their hand to the plough must not look back. Let the dead bury their dead—but go ye and preach the larger kingdom! If they hesitate now and palter with the timid and ungodly spirit of compromise they are most certainly doomed. Orthodoxy is strong and is getting furious. There are desperate trials and struggles ahead. Nothing can avail the men of the New Reformation but absolute sincerity, a deep faith in the Eternal Righteousness and a steady preparedness to suffer. We cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs. We cannot make Revolutions with rose-water. The New Theology comes for the moment not to bring peace but a sword. The arm that wields it must be trusty and true.

* * * * *

The whole question of the ethics of creed-subscription, of the numbing power of the dead-hand, of the bondage of doctrinal trust-deeds will be raised. It has already been raised in the newspapers. It is on this point that we may tremble for the New Theologians. Will they be great enough for this moral as distinct from the theological issue? Will they be equal to this renunciation—this heroic test of self-sacrifice? or will they descend to the ethical sophistries of the Broad Church? If they do, worse still if they formulate a new creed, they will have become guilty of a great apostacy: a movement full of radiant promise will have been brought to nought because the men who were to redeem Israel from bondage at last shrank from the Cross.

* * * * *

But we have better hopes of the men and their cause. A man of Mr. Campbell's sagacity and profound earnestness would not have taken up this apostolate without first of all counting the cost. We believe there is no better Free Catholic in the whole field

of Liberal Religion. For my own part—and I know I speak here for the best part of our ministers and laymen—I wish him "God-speed"!

J. M. Lloyd Thomas.

Spreaders of Sunshine.

By Angelina Tuttle.

Let even one person who is determinedly cheerful set about instilling sunshine into the home atmosphere, and it is surprising how soon the ozone of a more cheerful temperature will make itself felt. The sunshine-spreader needs not to be gifted with any special charms of manner or mind. Most of us can be entertaining enough when outside influences awaken the social mood. But to bubble over in gay tones and bright looks at the home breakfast table is too often far from either our impulses or our settled purposes. We do not feel sunshiny, and in one's own home may not one relax into the behaviour that happens to be easiest?

Perhaps it is the glaring unselfishness of the housemate who is persistently sweet-tempered which impresses itself most effectively upon the family mood. To be gay when one's normal state is lugubrious, or at least neutral, that represents a triumph over nature,—an achievement calculated to arouse at least gratitude in other breasts. So much more potent in its outreach to others is our intent above that which we actually say or do that, though we talk only about the weather, the baby next door, the cook's latest freak, or the plans of the coming day, if we but attack any commonplace topic with the determination to relax the smiling muscles on our companions' faces, the leaven of cheerfulness will soon begin its work. Though a stiff-necked sort of pride keep dubious looks and drooping mouth corners for a while in evidence, your true sunshine-spreader is but whetted to conquer the stodgy mass; and few are the dolefuls who will wholly resist the determined-to-make-you-smile housemate.

"Now I can take one child into town with me this afternoon, and but one. How shall we decide which one?" asked the mother of a flock of four. Heavy on her heart lay the depression which had been all the week hanging over her husband, and love suggested a device which worked excellent results in several directions. "I know how we will settle it," she presently announced. "The child who makes papa laugh most at lunch shall have the trip into town." The meal was turned into a feast of fun, the father went back to his office with his worry wrinkles smoothed out, and each child had received a valuable lesson in the art of ministering to the diversion of others.

Unfortunately for the good cheer of our homes there are two sorts of natural naughtiness which militate against many of us turning sunshine-spreaders. In our ambition and our pride we despise so humble an office. We love our families, but we aim to benefit them in the ways that lie in line with our personal ambitions. We would be successful outside our homes. We would be popular in society. To be popular in our own households is a corner-stone too often lacking in our toppling Towers of Babel. The rôle of "little sunbeam" has a smack of the goody-goody. The light-minded chatterer fills that office most suitably, we say. For ourselves we would mingle with people of brilliant intellect and exceptional culture: given the proper impetus toward being agreeable we could be as likable as the best.

With our ambition there joins hands a pride which is rooted in our dignity and our sense of wrongs received, and the two form a deadlock walling us into our natural slumps of depression. While we are feeling the hollowness of life's illusions, the weight of our gustatory indulgences of the day before, the coming stand for liberty against the corporation, the parish, the cook, we scorn to look pleasant. Perhaps there are hours when gaiety and smiles are not to be demanded of us. Does not this mean that our extremity is another's opportunity? Not all the members of a family have just cause for wrinkled brows at the same moment. It succeeds admirably where by common consent there is a relief guard of sunshine-spreaders. In fact, the instinct of mutual helpfulness is apt to make husbands determinedly cheerful when wives are ill, and wives most patient and chatty when outside cares go worst for the head of the house. "It won't do for both of

us to fret and feel blue at the same time," says conjugal loyalty, and so one end of the burden is kept from dragging.

But, as all the world knows, it is the happy child who is your champion sunshine-spreader. Good cheer is best transmitted unconsciously; and, when it comes to a matter of contagion, no one of experience will doubt the child's ability to contract and pass on whatever there is catchable in the air. Out of nothing more than the beginnings of a new day and its own unthinking and trusting inexperience the merest baby will imbibe and diffuse enough sunshine to make all the world new for its elders so long as they but circumscribe their outlook to its sphere of cognition. Only through the peeps we get over the child's shoulder and a share in its mental attitude can we who have travelled farther from the east look into that world

"As full of sunshine as a breeze,
Or spray tossed up by summer seas
That doubts if it be sea or sun!"

And we need to look through the mental lenses of these our "best philosophers." Only the child "by the vision splendid is on his way attended." Truly, the happy children are our masters in the sunshine art!

"The Seven Wayfarers."

This dainty little volume by Dorothea Hollins (*published by Elkin Mathews*) is described by the authoress as "a tale for children old and young." It may be said at once that it is more likely to be appreciated by "children of a larger growth," and that the writer has probably somewhat forgotten her younger readers as the tale progressed. The language is simple and direct enough, but there is hardly enough movement in the story to hold a child's attention, or to interest him in the central idea. Who among us, as a child, troubled about the allegory in the "Pilgrim's Progress" or the "Story without an End"? And was not our delight rather in the adventures, the encounters, the misfortunes, and the actual happenings therein depicted?

"The Seven Wayfarers" is also an allegory of life, charmingly told, with just a hint of German sentimentalism about it, and an idyllic and mystical atmosphere. Its keynote is contained in the lines on the title page—

"Fear not, child, how far you rove,
So the key you bear be Love."

It relates how there lived on the borders of a great forest, a boy Phil and his mother, Love-in-a-Mist, a tender and gracious figure delicately drawn, but standing quite distinct before our eyes. They have been placed in a cottage there by Phil's Father, so that they may befriend and direct travellers, who are always getting lost in the forest on their way to the great city, Theopolis. Phil has never yet beheld his Father, but looks forward to rejoining him someday in the wonderful city. Love-in-a-Mist is too simple and innocent to explain the path, or to argue away any of the doubts and perplexities which the wanderers bring with them along the weary road; she just tends them and gives them from her "wealth of loving," and after they have rested a while with her, they proceed on the journey strenghened and refreshed, and this time always in the right direction. The description of the cottage and garden is delightful, as are all the passages dealing with Nature in the book; the Author has the gift of bringing, in a few words, the scent of the flowers and the health-giving freshness of the dewy mornings vividly before the reader.

The story goes on to describe a week in this happy existence, and to paint in turn the Seven Wayfarers, "who came each on a different day of the week, at a different time of day," and who each represent types with which we are familiar under varying names. They are here called after the day of the week on which they came; thus, Monday's Wayfarer is depicted as a very young man, and his song is sung "with a strange little lilt of music between each verse—a high, wild, sweet sound, such as the old Greek forest creatures drew from the little row of reeds called Pan's Pipes." His is the artist soul, and he has been drawn on in the quest of Beauty, having wandered far from the road to Theopolis, and now when he catches sight of the face of his goddess, he realizes that it is now only his own face—the face of Self—that he sees. He is tired of the old pleasures, of the old tunes, and the pictures and the poems that he has made, and when Phil takes him to rest in the garden, he comes back to Nature and to Love, and peace descends upon him once more.

Tuesday's Wayfarer—"directly one looked into his eyes one saw that he had belonged to all the peoples and cities of the world—Athens, Rome, Carthage, Benares, Bagdad, Florence, Constantinople, Paris, London, New York"—bears with him a huge book, and is troubled with all the Babel of voices which speak to him out of the Past, confusing him so much that he strays for miles out of his way. The conflict between flesh and spirit is perplexing him, and the insatiable craving for the "inmost truth of each of these"; he too feels that could the "flower in the crannied wall" tell him what it really is, he should "know what God and man is." He too learns the lesson of Love and goes on his way comforted by the simple things of Earth, while Phil wonders "how he ever thought he could

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find his way, when he never seemed to notice anything except what he was thinking about in his head?"

The same thing happens to Wednesday's Wayfarer; the scientist, engrossed with his microscope and botanical specimens, who has forgotten the way to Theopolis, "because it is not marked on the map," and thinks "we have quite enough to do with the seen world, without troubling our heads about the unseen." He, likewise, when he comes to sit in the quiet shade of Love-in-a-Mist's garden, is forced to confess himself beaten, and that in his unseen world, he cannot discover a soul, and that perhaps he should have been looking for it in the seen instead—"in the live butterfly—in the growing rose—in the ordinary common-place man, who takes it for granted that he's got a body and a soul. Who knows? At any rate, we are learning all our lives."

Half the charm of an allegory lies in its elusiveness, and it would be treating Miss Hollins' story rather too much as Thursday's wayfarer treated the butterfly, to attempt to explain it all, and lay "the world's coarse thumb and finger" on its delicate symbolism. However, the description of the would-be Philanthropist "singing a song in a rather unmusical voice, but strictly in time and tune" is too good to be missed—his pockets stuffed with "rolls of shiny paper that looked like plans of buildings: there were packets of tea and coffee; there were bundles of tools; there were big blue papers tied round with tape; there were purses with coppers, and purses with silver; and lastly under one arm, the Wayfarer carried a row of the dearest little houses, all white-washed and clean, with honeysuckle painted round the front door and little square gardens at the back." How he learns that even the most devoted work for mankind at large is as nothing without love—real, human love, for the individual as well as the class—the reader should turn to Miss Hollins' delightful pages to discover, as well as what befell the subsequent travellers; the Rich Man tired of life, the Ecclesiastic with the key that will not unlock the Gate, the Poet, who is also the Eternal Pilgrim.

Not the least attractive parts of the little volume are the songs scattered through it introducing each character, and which a note emphasizes as an integral part of the story. They are graceful verses, distinguished by a quaint fancy, and some of them have the true lyrical quality. Such is Love-in-a-Mist's Evening Song at the beginning of the book:—

"Evening's gates are softly closed,
For another day is done.
Let the whole world rest in peace;
Sleep! my little darling son!

Man and beast and bird now rest,
Cease awhile from work and play;
"Angels from the stars keep watch,"
All the flowers, dreaming, say.

"Happy-making lullabies
Float out from their bells of blue;
Hush! their song of star-shine born,
"Love's best dreams come always true."

But perhaps the most successful is the "Song of the Seven Wayfarers," which sums up the whole and finishes the story that Love-in-a-Mist sings to Phil—

"Fling wide the gates, for morning dawns at last,
Night, storm and forest now are safely past:
Ye with the City's Freedom shall be free—
Love is the key.

Thou of the silver quiver, enter first
Here is all loveliness to slake thy thirst;
Beauty shall surge around thee as a sea:—
Love is the key.

Thou with thy wallet crammed with wisdom's word,
Now shalt thou hear the yet unuttered Third;
Riddle of flesh and spirit here shall flee:—
Love is the key.

Thou of the magic lens so crystal-keen,
Gaze thou yet deeper on the world unseen;
Marriage of Light with Love thou here shalt see—
Love is the key.

Thou with thy dwelling-place for wayward men,
Here shall the many mansions meet thy ken;
In each, Love waits, and makes a home to be:—
Love is the key.

Thou of the gleaming metal hard and cold,
Here shalt thou find dream-silver and dream-gold,
Riches untold that held in common be:—
Love is the key.

Thou of the keys that weigh thee down so sore,
Here on the threshold leave them evermore;
Wide-flung the gate for others as for thee:—
Love is the key.

Thou of the briar-wreath and pearl-fram'd lyre,
Now shalt thou find the heart of thy desire;
Light, Life, and Love await thee, mystic Three;
Love is the key.

Enter, all Wayfarers by Sun and Star!
Rest in the perfectness of Things that Are;
Rest in the Love that folds you as a sea:—
Love is the key."

C. M.

Children's Page.

The Children's Song.

FATHER in heaven, who lovest all,
Oh, help thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day,
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look, in all our ends,
On thee for judge, and not our friends,
That we, with thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek
By deed or thought to hurt the weak,
That, under thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

A Neglected Salute.

AN anecdote is told of one of the sons of the German Emperor, which shows that the faults of youth are common to all ranks, and that princes, no less than ordinary boys, require to be trained in the way they should go.

This little prince was a great favourite, and his winning ways made him very popular. It was always his delight to receive the military salute when he passed through the palace gates, and for this reason he looked forward to his daily walk with his tutor.

But in the nursery he was inclined to be unruly, and there was at one time great trouble in making him take his morning bath. One day, to his surprise, when he rebelled, he was allowed to go without it, and he thought he had certainly gained the upper hand.

Later in the morning, when he passed the sentinel, the usual salute was not given. He stormed and raged, but no notice was taken. At luncheon, the little prince, with tears of wrath, complained of the insult which had been offered him, fully expecting the immediate punishment of the sentinel.

But the Emperor only shook his head. "What else could you expect?" he said. "Surely you did not imagine that the guard would salute a dirty boy?"

After this there was no more trouble about the morning tubs.—*Chatterbox.*

A Wind Song.

You swept across the world last night—
Old Wind, that once I knew,
The Townsfolk shivered in their beds,
Good Friend, because of you—
For they have never seen you dance
Among the hyacinths blue,
But I was born in Fairyland
Where all glad things are true!

Straight from the doorways of the East
You swept the mountain's crown,
And like some sudden Fury leapt
Upon the startled Town;
But out before you on the moors
There scudded rabbits brown,
And by the lake you gently tossed
The willow tassels down!

You drove the clouds like hunted sheep
Across the dawn-lit sky,
And the river at your bidding flung
A golden shower on high;
But you bore to men the fragrance sweet
Of hidden violets shy,
And the primrose burst her dainty sheath
For joy that you were nigh!

Here in this crowded Babylon,
Dull slaves and blind, we stay,
When the leaves are out, and Robin sings
On many a blossoming spray—
I would that I were on the hills
Where all the breezes play—
Oh, blow me back to Fairyland,
Good Wind, with you to-day!

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

IT is a dangerous thing to be prosperous. The crucible of adversity is a less severe trial to the Christian than the refining-pot of prosperity.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

News from the Field.

Our Community Life is very kaleidoscopic. Every day sees changes, but the Divine Artist blends them all and makes the perfect picture.

Again we record changes. Some workers have ceased their toil, and gone forward to the Higher Life, some have changed their spheres of labour still to toil in the great vineyard, and some rest awhile before taking up the burden again. But all is well, since "God is God," and "Right is Right."

We notice that the workers in *Moseley Street, Manchester*, have been making a presentation to that Venerable Friend and Co-worker, the *Rev. S. A. Steinthal*. This is as it should be. Those who are at the plough are thus recognizing the services of those who made the earlier furrows.

After years of fine service the *Rev. W. Wooding* lays down his work at *Stoke Newington*. Is it that he may rest at his eventide? or is he only pausing awhile ere he starts afresh? The *Rev. C. Sneddon* resigns *Kirkcaldy*, but he will no doubt seek and find a fresh field. The *Rev. T. Spedding* leaves his field of work at *Rochdale*, where he has earnestly wrought for twenty years, only to take up a more arduous task in directing the four Unitarian vans, as they go out on their Missionary rounds. He will need all his courage, faith, and strength. But these will not fail him. The *Rev. F. Walters* is about to retire from *Newcastle-on-Tyne*, though we observe that he means still to take up some task of work. The *Rev. W. Whitaker* is to leave *Cardiff*, where a successor is sure to be promptly found, to take up the ministry at *Hull*, where we hope he will prove thoroughly successful. It is pleasant to note that a venerable worker like *Rev. C. A. Hoddinott*, who for a long period has ministered at *Chichester*, and who is now past eighty years of age, has had his faithful services kindly recognized by his little flock. They have done what they could. Others would have helped had the matter been made known.

As usual there have been sales of work in various places—all in a small way but all successful. The friends at *Padiham, Stockport, Preston*, and *Astley* are alike to be congratulated.

At *Newchurch*, our energetic people have been celebrating the Centennial of their establishment. They are full of life, and their history, like that of *Padiham*, reveals a wonderful story of fidelity, zeal, and devotion—untiring and successful. With such a history they are sure to go on towards even nobler things.

The people at *Upper Chapel, Sheffield*, have presented their energetic and unflagging minister with a new University gown, and say they hope that he, the *Rev. C. J. Street*, may live long to wear it in the service of their congregation. Many others, beyond the limit of *Sheffield*, share in the good wishes expressed.

The season of the year through which we are passing has seen our congregations full of Christmas and New Year parties and activities which we have no space to chronicle. We can only feel glad that energy and life abound, and hope that good fruitage will follow all that has been done.

One of our friends, whose name we recorded in our last number, *Captain W. Lowrie*, has left a wonderful series of benefactions to many charities, not only to the congregation which he loved so much, but to numbers of useful institutions outside our boundaries. Love and goodwill to all was his motto in life, and it has been illumined by his benefactions, now that he has passed from among us. He has represented our best and highest traditions.

There is a stir among us as the time for the International Congress at *Boston, U.S.A.*, draws near. It is hoped, though hard to believe, that nearly a hundred of our ministers, and an army of our laity may cross the sea, and take part in the forthcoming gatherings. Deeper purses, and better filled, than some of us have will be needed for the spiritual pilgrimage. Still sacrifices will be made, and England in its higher thought and life will be largely represented. Our American friends are doing great things, and preparing noble receptions and hospitalities, and our people ought to respond with alacrity and enthusiasm.

What is coming over our Congregationalist friends? There is a wonderful movement of free thought, and free speech, which is attracting the attention of the Christian world. It looks as if we were standing at the gates which will open into a new world, and as if the pilgrims of light, freedom, and truth would have large and strong accessions to their ranks. We welcome the great movement with real delight, and feel sure that the men whose names are on all our lips will prove worthy of the bold utterances they are making. Hail to these co-workers in Divine things!

The burden of sorrow ought to be strongly felt as we tell the story of our friends who have left us since the last issue of the Seed Sower. And so it would be if we were not sustained by the firm and unfaltering faith that our friends are gone into the serener light, and that we shall see and journey with them in the progressive life beyond.

But when we tell of the passing away of our Poet-Preacher the *Rev. T. W. Chignell*, in the ripeness of his years and powers; of a leader and teacher among our laity like *Edwin Clephan;* of men like *J. D. Darbishire*, of *Stand;* of *Robert Hamblin*, of *Ipswich;* of *Matthew Spiegelhalter*, of *Malton;* of *Thomas Knott*, of *Blackley;* of *Robert Waterall*, of *Croydon;* of *J. H. Brooks*, of *Wilmslow;* of *Basil Martineau* (youngest son of *Dr. Martineau*), of *London;* of *Jas. Hargreaves*, of *Burnley;* and of such gracious and noble-souled women as *Alicia Wakefield*, of *Mansfield;*

and of *Mrs. R. T. Eadon* of *Sheffield;* words fail to tell of their worth, their services, and their example. Their lives were lustrous with the light of their inspiring religion, and they have left in the circles of which they were the centres, a name of everlasting remembrance. Brave souls we bid you farewell, but we shall meet again!

The services at *Cambridge* are now held in the Assembly Hall, Downing Street, every Sunday morning during term at 11.30. The following are the preachers for the new term:—Jan.20th, *Rev. James Harwood, B.A.;* Jan. 27th, *Rev. W. W. Clynoweth Pope;* Feb. 3rd, *Rev. W. Wooding, B.A.;* Feb. 10th, *Rev. E. D. Priestley Evans;* Feb. 17th, *Rev. Dendy Agate, B.A.;* Feb. 24th, *Rev. F. W. Stanley;* Mar. 3rd, *Rev. Charles Peach;* Mar. 10th, *Rev. W. Copeland Bowie.*

SCRUTATOR.

January 15th, 1907.

THE fact is that real growth in character comes as so many of the best gifts of God come—by the way. In doing what we believe to be God's will for us, many things lie in the straight line of that fidelity. Every unselfish act makes unselfishness more possible. Every true word deepens our sense of truth. Every sacrifice broadens the nature.—*Henry Wilder Foote.*

BEFORE we can bring happiness to others, we must first be happy ourselves; nor will happiness abide within us unless we confer it on others. If there be a smile upon our lips, those around us will soon smile too, and our happiness will become the truer and deeper as we see others are happy.—*Maeterlinck.*

Seed Corn.

Great artists are able to be ordinary men—witness, Browning and Shakespeare.

To great minds the things on which men agree are infinitely more important than those on which they differ.

To say that a man is an idealist is merely to say that he is a man.

Every man is incurably sentimental; but, unfortunately, it is so often a false sentiment.

Humility is a necessary condition of effort and progress.

All men can be criminals, if tempted; and all men can be heroes, if inspired.

Hope is the power of being cheerful in circumstances which we know to be desperate.

The modern cowardice is to live in terror of microbes. The healthy man no more fears microbes than he does bombs!

THERE is such a thing as a worldly spirit, and there is such a thing as an unworldly spirit; and, according as we partake of one or the other, the savor of the sacrifice of our lives is ordinary, commonplace, poor, and base, or elevating, invigorating, useful, noble, and holy.—*Dean Stanley.*

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The *Seed Sower* is admirably adapted for localising, and facilities are provided for that purpose. The circulation is already larger than that of any other magazine or journal published to meet the wants of our Free Churches. It gives a larger amount of matter, and every increase of circulation will be used to secure increased efficiency.

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